

# ~ The ~ Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XL.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 27, 1907.

No. 28.

## The Source of Charm.

THE violet and pansy fair,  
The rose and lily white,  
Are beautiful with beauty rare,  
Tinted with heaven's light.

The diamond, prism, or ice-specked stream,  
The jewel, or precious stone,  
With shattered light and lustre gleam—  
Yet nothing is their own.

In dead of night and darkness drear  
These beauties do not wake;  
The sun gives beauty, light and cheer,  
Its glow all charms doth make.

A soul is beautiful and great,  
Which glows like a brilliant star.  
God's love all beauty doth create—  
All charms reflections are.

J. J. Q.

## A Grievance with Shakespeare.

WILLIAM F. CUNNINGHAM, '07.



FROM time to time in the history of all branches of knowledge there arise certain bold and independent spirits who, disregarding the set opinion of mankind in general, launch forth into the enlightened world some new doctrine or theory and demand for it universal acceptance. Frequently it has happened that this new doctrine or new theory was the correct one and until its appearance the world had been misinformed, but much oftener the very opposite was true. Sometimes the reason for the appearance of these intellectual innovations is merely the gain of notoriety by their authors; oftener they show themselves as

the caprice of some shallow student, but occasionally they are the result of earnest study by a deep thinker, whose character is marred by certain eccentricities. The case in question seems to bear strong resemblance to that last described.

Count Leo Tolstoy is a man who during the latter part of his long life has proved himself to be a deep thinker, and in his novels has shown himself a close student of human nature, but on several occasions he has wandered from the way of truth. Entering into the field of sociology he has evolved theories about life and its problems which condemn him as a most extreme socialist. His ideas about religion are even more revolutionary. In essence his religion is "Christianity without immortality;" that is he would have men find happiness in a life of work, of simplicity, of brotherhood; but happiness in this life only, for there is no other. His scheme of life is summed up in his own words:

"Everything that once seemed to me important, such as honor, glory, civilization, wealth, the complications and refinements of existence, luxury, rich food, fine clothing, etiquette, have become for me wrong and despicable. Everything that once seemed to me wrong and despicable, such as rusticity, obscurity, poverty, simplicity of surroundings, of food, of clothes, of manners—all have become right and important to me."

After such a statement as that we are not surprised that Tolstoy, highly gifted intellectually as he is, should declare that he could find nothing praiseworthy in Shakespeare, even if there had been a time when he honored the poet, which he emphatically denies. Although this failure of appreciating Shakespeare on the part of Tolstoy is universal and has to do both

with content and technique, in this paper, however, I will have time to consider only one, upon which Tolstoy lays particular stress: namely, the religious essence of Shakespeare's drama.

First: what part should the religious element play in a drama? and second, does Shakespeare have it play its full part in his dramas? As regards the first part, Tolstoy states his opinion very explicitly. He says (in the *Fortnightly* for February last) that by the religious essence of the drama he does not understand didactics, "not the direct inculcations of any religious truths in an artistic disguise and not an allegorical demonstration of these truths, but the exhibition of a definite view of life, corresponding to the highest religious understanding of a given time, which, serving as the motive for the composition of the drama, penetrates known to the author the whole of his work." The meaning of this is very clear, and it is quite evident that Tolstoy does not expect the drama to embody direct religious instruction; but in the words "a definite view of life," do we not see the fatal stumbling-block of all highly imaginative minds? It is a dramatized theory or system of ethics he is demanding. All readers admit that Shakespeare does not give us any theory of life in his works; but, what is of far more value, he gives us life itself as it really is. In his own words it is his endeavor "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." This is "the motive" for the composition of Shakespeare's dramas, and that it penetrates the whole of his work, I hope to show later on.

Now let us recall that Tolstoy demands of a dramatic writer not only a definite view of life but that this view should "correspond to the highest religious understanding of a given time." Does Shakespeare's presentation of life fulfil this requirement? Tolstoy says no, and adds that his works are "not only not moral but directly immoral;" and instead of corresponding to the highest religious understanding of the time they correspond rather to the lowest, that of the nobles whom the critic designates as the least religious people of that period. The

only arguments which he puts forth in support of these bold assertions are these: that there is found at times a certain coarseness in the language of some of Shakespeare's characters, such as that noticed in the opening of *King Lear* when Gloucester is speaking of his two sons, and that the dramas themselves contain what Tolstoy calls murders, battles and popular humorous interludes. One need not deny the presence of what seems a certain coarseness in the language of some of Shakespeare's characters; but is not this merely an indication of the time in which he wrote? Should we not with more reason wonder that he is as free from this element as he is when we remember the practice of his fellow-dramatists? As for the murders and battles and interludes they are simply a proof showing us that Shakespeare realized that life is not made up of one element only, but that it is rather a blending of the serious and the gay. However, the real question is, are Shakespeare's dramas immoral? The only way of determining this is by studying his characters in themselves and what effect the progress of the action has upon them. As Tolstoy deals only with the drama of *King Lear* I shall also confine myself to the characters found in this play.

In the first place, it is evident that Goneril and Regan might with more propriety be called monsters than women, but in the end a well-deserved fate is meted out to them. Edmund, their co-partner in crime, is also a pernicious villain, but, like them, he also pays for his misdeeds, and the demands of justice are fully satisfied by a most exacting retribution. What could be a more fitting climax to his ill-spent life than that it should meet its end at the hands of Edgar, the one whom he has so grievously injured.

Here we see crime and sin punished and evil overcome. There is surely nothing immoral in this. In the case of Gloucester we know that he is guilty of a sin of self-indulgence in his past life, but it is this very sin which brings about his ruin. Lear expires in an agony of grief, but he has been delivered from his pride and passionate wilfulness. He has found that instead of being a master at whose nod all things must bow, he is weak and helpless. His

pleasure in false professions of love and his ignorance of true love have vanished, and he realizes the depth and fulness of the real love which Cordelia bears him. She is the impersonation of true love which hopes all things; endures all things, and is ready to forgive all; and although she dies in prison we know that her devotion is not mispent.

In the deaths of Lear, Gloucester, and Cordelia there is a strong contrast when compared with the lots of Goneril, Regan and Edmund. These die in and through their crimes without the gentle touch of love and hope. While Gloucester, Cordelia, and Lear are defeated as far as their external fortunes are concerned, their love, their fidelity and their faithfulness are triumphant. Surely there is a moral lesson to be drawn here. Again in Albany, Kent, and Edgar, we see virtue triumphant and vice trodden under foot.

These are the principal characters in Shakespeare's drama, King Lear, and we see that a moral lesson can be drawn from each of them. Now, it has been estimated that there are in the aggregate over two hundred and forty entirely distinct persons, the creations of Shakespeare, and the same can be said of these. From such facts it is clear that Tolstoy's denial of a moral tendency in Shakespeare's dramas is entirely without foundation, and that they not only correspond to the highest religious understanding of his own time, but that they will continue to correspond to the highest religious understanding of all times as long as virtue is upheld and vice condemned. According to his own statement, Tolstoy has read all the plays several times, and there is no doubt but that he is thoroughly sincere in his judgment of them, but he seems to have set out with the idea that the drama is rather a means of social reform than a work of art.

THE rich who love knowledge and virtue, who reverence God and man, are a general blessing.

BASE thy life on principle, not on rules.

THE happiness of the ignorant is but an animal's paradise.—*Spalding*

## Varsity Verse.

### FREDDIE'S LOGIC.

BUT one sweet year at U. N. D.  
And pregnant with philosophy,  
Comes Freddie home to fair Tolé—  
With wisdom all aglow  
His little tongue doth overflow  
While lunching at a "dearie's" house  
And there beholding roasted grouse.  
"What, happy Flan—, say you  
This plate contains but two  
Fresh roasted birds for lunch?"  
I'll bet a bunch  
Of lilies there are three.  
According to philosophy  
One's implied in two, you see,  
Q. E. D."  
There must be three.  
"Behold, he's right  
We must admit,"  
Said genial Smitt  
"We can not logically fight,  
We've little wit.  
But let us to our waiting bite  
Here, Koster, one, at any rate,  
Is thine; whilst I will masticate  
Its mate.  
The *third* is thine, my dear Freddie,  
'Tis sewed and stuffed with Q. E. D."

BY DESDICHADO.

### RONDEL.

'Tis difficult to write  
When birds are on the wing;  
My thoughts arise in flight  
Because the others sing.  
'Midst leafy trees of spring  
Which hide them from my sight.  
'Tis difficult to write  
When birds are on the wing.  
They seem to take delight,  
To let me feel the swing  
Of fairy pinions light  
That steal the dreams they bring.  
'Tis difficult to write  
When birds are on the wing.

H. L.

BOW! WOW!

"Love me love my dog," said she.

"I'll love no pup," said I.

"Ah, if you have no puppy-love,

To love you I shan't try." R. A. K.

## No Difference.

ROBERT A. KASPER, '07.

The train moved slowly into the large Lake Shore depot, and with a generous use of lungs, Chicago was announced and the train at last came to an abrupt stop. A well-dressed young man swung leisurely upon the platform, and the marks of a college were upon him.

"Gad! it's good to get back here after such a long siege of work. Work," he repeated and laughed. "What is work anyway?" From the manner he put the question one would judge that he had not as yet received an introduction. "Guess, I'll not 'phone the folk that I am in. I'll just look about town and see what's new, then drop in on them."

He boarded the elevated and soon alighted in the very heart of the city.

"It's six fifteen," he told himself as he looked at his watch. "Better get something to eat first," and he walked down the street. After a walk of over a block he suddenly wheeled and gazed searchingly ahead.

"Seems I know her," he said to himself. "Wonder if that isn't that Miss Arlington I met down at Lafayette last fall. Take a chance, you fool, take a chance," and he was in pursuit, his hunger entirely forgotten.

He found it difficult to walk very rapidly through that large jostling throng, and for a minute he thought he had lost the girl, but finally discovered her about half a block in advance of him.

"My! but she's in a hurry. Wonder what she's doing in town, and where she is going. Guess I'd better approach her when she gets to the scantily populated districts, for it might not be she, and I do not like too many laughs at the same time. And so musing to himself he trudged on, finally overtaking her and seizing upon an excellent chance to have few witnesses to the tragedy, if such it proved to be.

"Beg pardon, but seems I know you. Isn't your name Miss Arlington, and aren't you from Lafayette?"

"I am sorry to state that you have the misfortune of being mistaken. I do not—let's see. Your name please?"

"Al Farrow."

"Al Farrow. I believe I do know of you. I mean, I believe I met you. Wasn't it at the—the—"

"Theta Nu Episolan dance."

"I do remember now. I thought at first it was at the Phi Stigma Cappal."

"You mean the Phi Cappa Sigma, do you not?"

"Yes, that is it," she answered with a laugh. "You know I simply can't keep those fraternities in mind. The girls always jolly me about getting them mixed up. It's a pardonable offence, is it not, Mr. Farrow?"

He looked at her for a moment and did not know what to answer. Her question did not bother him at all. It was of the Mister that she brought out with such emphasis that he thought.

"It's pardonable," he finally replied. "You have so many frats down at Lafayette, no wonder you get them mixed."

He had lied, deliberately lied; but he was a gallant, and felt sort of proud of himself for having said what he did. He didn't like the silence, for she might feel that he really thought her dull in not being able to remember, or at least in making such a great blunder, so he asked:

"Why in the world did you tell me that you did not come from Lafayette? Why did you say I was mistaken?"

"Oh, because—well, you will not think badly of me if I tell you, will you? You know I should have remembered you and all that; but you will pardon me if I tell you why, will you not?"

She seemed agitated, "fussed," as he was wont to speak of such a state of mind, and he gallantly replied.

"Why, not at all. I'm just crazy to hear."

"Well, you know," she answered in a much cooler and more deliberate tone, "you know I thought you were just trying to carry on a flirtation when you approached me, and I just had to act that way. I'm awfully sorry if you don't like my not having recognized you at first."

He simply smiled, smiled solely because he knew she was indulging, for the non-flirtable Miss Arlington of the present was the flirtable Miss Arlington of the past, that is of the real artistic kind; but he

liked the way she put it; in fact, he found fault with himself for admiring everything she said and did. The bachelor was really falling in love, he told himself; but his hunger at this moment got the better of all sentiment, and he at once concluded that was proof enough that he was not in love, and turning to her said:

"By the way, Miss Arlington, I have not as yet had any dinner, and if you haven't anything to do, I would enjoy your company very much."

"Oh, I'm not a bit hungry. I—"

"You will come anyway, will you not?"

"Well, I don't know. You see the folk will not know where I am."

"You don't live here now, do you?" Expectation was writ upon his face as he asked the question.

"No, no! I still live in the same old town; but, well, I can telephone Grace that I'll be home later; but you must first promise me that we shall go home early."

He promised, and rather flattered himself over the victory he had won. They turned and walked toward Rector's.

"Seems good to meet you again. I didn't think I'd ever see you here. Strange, how one remembers faces. I recognized you the minute I saw you."

"Yes, it is strange," she replied, a laugh spreading over her face.

"What was funny? Miss Arlington," he ventured.

"Oh, you always show the impassionate side of things."

He failed to see the connection, but he at once accused himself of being the most ignorant being in existence, and he was displeased that he could not get at the bottom of what she had just said. They walked on in silence, he stealing a glimpse of her beautiful face now and then, she pretending not to notice him.

"Here we are," he exclaimed when they arrived at the already crowded Rector's. As they entered, he spied a table in the far corner, and at once took advantage of the opportunity of joining the unsocial.

"Oh, this is grand!" she exclaimed with evident pleasure as they seated themselves. "Wish we had something like this at Lafayette. Our town is way behind the times."

"Way behind the times," he repeated, as

he caught the point, or thought he had caught one. My, but she has a way of saying things, he thought. "By the way," he asked, "how is Miss Berndon getting along? Heard she was married?"

"Yes, she was married last fall. Married a dandy fellow."

"I heard he was absolutely worthless, and that Dolly would sue him for divorce."

"Well, that is all talk; they get on famously together."

"They do? Why, Bill told me himself that he could never get along with her."

"Probably you mean a different party. The Miss Barndon I speak—"

"Oh, I was speaking of Miss Berndon. You know her, don't you?"

"I don't believe I do."

"Why, didn't you introduce me to her at the dance?"

"Why, Mr. Farrow, you should have known that I put it off that way because I did not want to speak about the poor unfortunate girl." He again reprimanded himself for being so dull.

"I'm the dullest being in the entire world," he said, and he did not care to question her further on the point. Through the course of the meal, he, the gallant, kept up the conversation, she saying the "cleverest" things he had ever heard. When he paid the bill, he thought himself wealthy, and wondered if there were many girls in the world, who would dine although not hungry, just for sweet company's sake.

"Where are you stopping," he asked as they were again walking down the street.

"On the North side. We can take the elevated. I get off at Wightwood."

And so they boarded a train, and he felt rather proud of himself as he sat beside her. People noticed them too, and that was a source of much pride to him.

"I've had a bully time," he told her. "Would you like to see the 'Spring Chicken' to-morrow?"

"If you'll really care to take me," she said. "You know young men often change their minds."

"Change his mind—he change his mind! I guess not," he thought.

The train slowed up at this juncture, and but for her they would have missed their station.

"My! but she's bright," he said half audibly. "You know I live around here too," he told her as they walked along, he feeling glad that he was to be so near her.

"I know you do," she answered. "Didn't you tell me you lived at 453 Carl Street when I met you last fall?"

Yes, he had, and she had remembered it all that time. He wondered if she remembered it because she was interested in him.

"This is the place," she finally said as they stood in front of a brown-stone building.

"This? You are stopping here?" he queried. "Why, I—"

"Yes, I know that. Grace told me they sort of expected you home to-day." Tell you what we'll do. I'll go in first and you wait some time before entering the house. We'll make Grace believe we have never met. That will be great, don't you think?"

Again he agreed with her. "Yes, it would be bully to fool Grace and everybody."

"But we must have breakfast together," he said.

"Well, we'll see about that in the morning," she answered. He watched her until she disappeared behind the house.

"How clever of her to go in the back way," he thought. He waited some ten minutes before ringing the bell, and when he entered he felt like a newly-elected mayor. He thought morning would never come. It did, however, and when he came down to the breakfast table he was all anxiety.

"I have been waiting for you, Al," Grace said as he entered the dining-room. As they sat there he waited for her to mention Miss Arlington, but was disappointed. He wondered could she have refused his invitation to breakfast. Probably Grace intended to surprise him he thought, in a vain endeavor to console himself. I'll just out-silence you, sis, he resolved mentally; but the test was not of long duration, for presently she of Lafayette made her appearance.

My! Tilly, but you kept us waiting a long time. Don't let it happen again," Grace

said to her. Then feeling remorse for having been so harsh:

"Al, this is Tilly, our new second girl."

"Hell—Hello, Tilly," he replied. "Glad to see you looking so fine this glorious morning."

"Al, don't forget that you are a gentleman," Grace reminded him.

"Tilly smiled, Grace felt embarrassed, and Al was hilarious. "Gad! I can call her Tilly," he thought. Breakfast over he stole quietly to her side.

"Tilly, ha, ha, Tilly! Remember the 'Spring Chicken' to-night."

"And remember that you are a gentleman, Al," she said as a smile spread over her face.

### A Rooters' Soliloquy.

Hully Gee  
Sweet Marie  
U. N. D.  
Rah!  
What was the score?  
'Twas six to four.  
Poor Illinois  
O smash 'em  
Bust 'em  
That's our custom  
O ain't it rich  
How "Buc" did pitch.  
O what a team!  
Ain't it a dream,  
O ain't it great,  
We'll sweep the State  
And then some.  
In all the West  
Our team's the best.  
Come off your roost  
Proud Illinois  
You finished Staggs and Wabash too  
But not the N. D. Gold and Blue.  
The U. of C. was first undone  
Then Wabash came 13 to none  
And then—Oh me  
Oh, Tammany  
Came U. N. D.  
And did they lose?  
Ask Illinois  
O Rooters Root!  
O Tooters Toot!  
O Boosters Boost!  
O I could yell  
Like  
Hully Gee  
Sweet Marie  
U. N. D.  
Rah!

A. BOOSTER.

At Table No. 14.

FRANCIS X. CULL, '09.

With the blithe heart of the home-coming pilgrim, Jack Morrison swung off the Limited at the Philadelphia Union Station, and hailed a cab for the Dennison Hotel. Six months of dreary commercial existence in the West Indies had given him the passionate yearning of the outcast for the soul-satisfying comforts of the home and family circle.

To him the densely crowded avenues, swarming with yankee energy, and bustling with yankee enthusiasm, spoke a welcome deep and gratifying: no more trafficking with indolent, semi-barbarous natives of the vapid far south—he was among his kind.

But this was no time for revery. In a few moments he would again be with Irene; she was awaiting him at the Dennison, and his heart rose in ecstasy at the thought of it. He would take her by surprise too; he had been detained at Charleston, and thinking his business would not permit of his absence for at least a week; he had wired her from there that he would not come to Philadelphia until December 29, at the earliest. But an unforeseen good fortune had made it possible for him to conclude his affairs a week earlier, and here he was on the twenty-fourth, ready to spend Christmas with her.

Arrived at the Dennison, he hastened through the lobby to the clerk's desk. "J. H. Morrison," he wrote on the register in bold, business-like characters.

"Mr. Morrison," said the clerk, "I believe there is a letter here for Mr. J. Morrison." Running his fingers deftly through the file, he drew out a dainty envelope and handed it to him. Impatient at the delay that kept him from running to his wife's rooms immediately, Jack hastily tore open the envelope and read:

DEAREST JACK:—I was awfully sorry to hear of your delay in Charleston, but you needn't have minded because we could not have spent Christmas together anyhow. Aunt Jane was suddenly taken with another attack of pleurisy, and I must be there

to nurse her. I shall be in Freeport until December 28. If you come earlier, dear, don't worry, but rest content, and we shall surely be together on New Year's day.

Lovingly,

IRENE.

"Oh, H——!" Jack swore with disappointment and chagrin. "Aunt Jane and a curse on her old ailments! Christmas day alone in Philadelphia, did ever a man have such luck?"

He kicked his traveling case in a corner, and gritted his teeth in rage. A uniformed bell-boy ran up and picked up the case. "Check, it Sir?" But Jack turned on his heel and walked to the window, staring disconsolately out, seeing nothing, feeling nothing save his own wretchedness. The clerk looked sympathetically on for a moment, but an incoming party recalled his attention to his duties.

"Two weeks on the way only to find this disappointment!" he grumbled dolefully; and his mind ironically flitted back, conjuring up the pictures of the happy meeting that he had dreamed and redreamed on the train. This would be the first time they had spent Christmas apart since their marriage six years before; and it was with a heart heavy indeed with disappointment that he contemplated the prospect.

It was something very unusual for Morrison to be in a sour temper. Naturally endowed with an easy care-free nature and a disposition to make the best of circumstances, he nearly always maintained a light heart and cheerful countenance. Five years of the nomadic life of traveling salesman had not tended to diminish this propensity; and so, under the soothing influences of a delightful *Perfecto*, before long he succumbed to his natural instincts.

"Well," he said to himself, "it's hard luck, but I guess I can survive it; I wish I had some friends in 'Phillie,' though. Christmas will be a beastly dull day for me."

There was one thing left for him to do at least: the theatre would surely have some good attraction for the holiday. He procured a newspaper and perused the amusement section. Yes, Maud Adams would appear at the "Victoria." Glancing through the paper his eye was arrested by the dinner menus for the various hotels. He smiled



sardonically, as he studied that of the Cadillac. It was there he had intended dining with Irene; but were it ever so tempting, it held no charm for him now.

Again the longing for a friend came into his mind, and he puzzled for a time to form some plan. Suddenly an idea struck him that for the moment he was ashamed of. He knew no one in Philadelphia, no one knew him. Why not make an acquaintance? Certainly in that big city there was some one just as lonely, just as eager for companionship as he. But to be really worth while it must be,—he felt frightened to think of it—a girl. But it was so. No girl, no dinner. His sense of conjugal loyalty rebelled, but the shrewd tempter argued most alluringly. "Irene, what would Irene think?"

"Bother Irene! How would she ever know? And if she did find it out there would be nothing really culpable in it. Didn't she get exasperatingly familiar herself with that red-headed drummer at the U. C. T. picnic?"

In the end the spirit of mischief triumphed, and his mind was made up. The next thing was to find the second party to the arrangement. His commercial education dictated the best plan—advertise. Acting on the impulse, he hastened to the desk, and tore a blank from the pad and began writing. The clerk studied in silent amazement the metamorphosis which the young man's countenance had undergone. He was now quite his normal self, and his handsome face was lighted by a broad smile.

"A young man of 25 desires the company of an intelligent, congenial young lady to a dinner and opera to-morrow, Christmas day. Telephone J. Baxter, Dennison Hotel, at 7:30 p. m."

He dispatched this immediately to the press and awaited developments, resolving to take the first offer that presented itself. After supper he waited close by the booth in expectation of a call. Promptly at 7:30 the bell rang and the boy in charge answered. Jack strained to hear the conversation.

"Mr. J. Baxter," he heard, "I don't know. Wait a moment; I'll see."

That was enough. He seized the 'phone and called out:

"Hello!"

"Yes. This is Mr. Baxter."

"Oh, that ad.? Why yes, it's still open. Do you wish to apply?"

"Very well, the arrangements are simple. Tell the head waiter at the Cadillac that you have engaged table No. 14. Be there at 12; I'll come soon after."

"All right, good-bye."

"By Jove," he said to himself, "she has a sweet voice. Sounded kind of familiar, too, through the 'phone; but I must be mistaken. Terribly agitated, but game. I'll bet she's just the right sort,"

At 11:45 the next day he left for the Cadillac, stopping on the way to get two theatre tickets. Arriving at the Cadillac, he went direct to the dining-room. At this hour all the tables were occupied, but he had no difficulty in locating his own; and sure enough there was his lady awaiting him. Her back was turned, but he caught a glimpse of an erect figure, fashionably attired in a dark grey costume, with a wealth of black hair coiled becomingly on the back of her head. She seemed nervously expectant, and looked searchingly at every person that passed, but Jack never once got a satisfactory view of her face.

"Well, I'm in for it now," he chuckled, "and what's more, it looks as though I made a lucky strike."

He marched pompously up to the table as one who had a perfect right to be there. But as he was about to take his place by her side, his pompousness vanished in an instant. He looked into her face and then stepped back in amazement. She half arose from her place, and stared as though thunderstruck.

"Jack!" she gasped in anguish.

"Irene!" they stared at each other for half a minute, growing hot and cold by turns.

"Jack I thought you were—" but she could say no more and sobbing, buried her face in her hands.

"Irene, I—I thought your aunt was sick," he said weakly.

She raised her head from her palms.

"Yes," she replied, "she was, but it wasn't so serious and I came back. How did you get away from Charleston?"

"It wasn't so pressing, so I stole away; but aren't you going to kiss me, and tell



me you are glad to see me?" he ended half anxiously.

There was a look of incredulity on her face as she replied:

"Oh, certainly, darling," and acted upon her word.

"Well of all things, what a most unlooked for good fortune," she said when the meal was ordered.

"Yes," he answered, "most unlooked for indeed."

But Irene did not inquire how he had happened to buy two theatre tickets when he didn't know she was in town.

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### An Eye on the Tart.

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LEO C. MCELROY, '10.

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Mrs. Binks, fussing around the kitchen in her preparations for dinner was aroused from the unconsciousness of mechanical routine by an inquiring cough of a visitor. She looked around and saw a shabbily-dressed man standing in the doorway looking hungrily at the large pie which she had just placed on the window-sill to cool. At first she was alarmed, but when she noticed that he was barely five feet five inches and seemed scarcely to weigh one hundred pounds her alarm melted into pity for the wretched-looking man. Mrs. Binks herself stood five feet ten inches tall and weighed close to two hundred.

"What is the matter, my poor man?" she asked.

"If you please, madam, I'm rather hungry."

"Come in." She took hold of his coat sleeve and led him to a chair by the kitchen table. "You sit right there and I'll get you something that'll kind o' take the edge off your appetite."

In a minute or two the tramp was rapidly getting on the outside of several slices of bread and butter, some hot roast beef and a large bowl of tea. Obviously he meant no real harm to the bowl itself, but Mrs. Binks feared for its safety. The wicked bites he made at the liquid endangered the fragile vessel. As the guest's appetite gradually came under control, the fears of

the hostess abated. When he had done ample justice to the meal, he settled back in his chair, folded his hands in front of him, and with his eyes fixed steadily on the pie across the room, remarked:

"You are exceedingly generous, madam, and I hope that some day your benevolence toward suffering humanity will be rewarded in a fitting manner."

Mrs. Binks stared at him unable to understand that a tramp should have such an extensive and high-sounding vocabulary.

"Where did you learn all them big words?" she gasped finally.

"Why, my dear madam, I sincerely trust that you will not allow your judgment of people to be biased by their appearance. You know, Aristotle said: 'Many men who may not possess fine clothes are masters of the people in matters of intellect.' Why, the year I was graduated from Yale, I met a gentleman who astounded me by quoting from Plautus a few lines relative to man's mission in the world. And yet when I first glanced at him I thought that he was a blacksmith on vacation."

"Did you go to Yale College?"

"Yes, madam. Two months before I had been graduated I was heir to twenty million dollars, and when the commencement exercises were over I received a telegram saying that all that was left of my fortune was two dollars worth of postage stamps."

The tramp had now risen and was going toward the doorway with his gaze still directed toward the pie.

"Do you want that pie?" Mrs. Binks said.

"If it would not inconvenience you greatly."

"Take it. How did you lose your money?"

"Poor investments, madam."

"You don't say. What was it invested in?"

"A machine for blowing non-breakable soap bubbles. Good day, madam." And he was gone.

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### Imprisonment.

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IF man imprisoned be,

His sturdy vigor dies;

Thoughts chained in words spring free,

Their influence multiplies. J. J. Q.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the  
University of Notre Dame.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.  
Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Notre Dame, Indiana, April 27, 1907.

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—For the first time in years we have taken the Illini scalp, and as it dangles it feels good. Several attempts and scratch scores have been our fate, but

The Illinois Game. we always managed of late to pull the small number. But Wednesday the great Western Huff men went down, and the old Gold and Blue went up a notch in Western athletics. It is very early in the season, but with Illini down it lets us breathe a bit easier. Maybe we ought to get real prophetic and talk about that game with Michigan for the Western Championship. The leadership in the state need hardly give us worry, although we grant the season is a bit young. Still never before have hopes been so high; and so here's Luck and Success to the Varsity. We want the Western Championship, and Varsity '07, you are the ones to get it for us.

—The business managers of "The Dome" have been busy all week soliciting subscriptions in the different halls. After a week's work they are a unit in their praise of the students' loyalty. Although a week remains before the appearance of The Dome the number of subscrip-

tions is far ahead of last year's total. To men who have worked as hard as The Dome editors of '07 this cannot but be most encouraging. Any class can get out a year book, but its success or failure, from the financial standpoint at least, depends largely on the student body. It has been the ambition of the class of '07 to publish a year book which would be taken home by every student and read by his relatives and friends. Of course this ambition can never be realized without the co-operation of every student. So to those who have not yet subscribed we say, get in line; take home a Dome and show your friends what N. D. U. is like. Notre Dame is your school; The Dome is the story of life at your school for 1906-'07. So when the subscription list goes around again show your loyalty and good will by putting down your name.

Among the many orders for books received from friends and old students of Notre Dame was one from Bishop Muldoon of Chicago with a letter wishing "The Dome" board of editors all possible success.

—To students of American History the parallel drawn by Editor Harvey in the *Current North American* is interesting and not a little ingenious.

Jackson and Roosevelt. Jackson was unquestionably the most popular political personage of his day, so is Roosevelt; both were offered a third term, both declined. Jackson's influence secured the nomination and election of Van Buren; it is believed that Roosevelt's choice will be ratified by the Republican national convention; Jackson was a Supreme Court unto himself, Roosevelt would increase the power of the Federal government if need be through "judicial interpretation and construction" of law; Jackson felt commissioned to destroy the United States Bank, which he did; Roosevelt was elected to regulate interstate corporations and has made a good beginning. The parallel might be extended much further, but the burden of the editor's article, which, by the way, is an address delivered in South Carolina last month, is that Roosevelt is a dangerous man; his aggres-

siveness is a menace to the rights of the States. This parallel, however, is rather superficial, but this may not lessen its value for campaign material in 1908 for which it seems evidently intended. It would be just as easy to point out striking points of difference between "Old Hickory" and our strenuous President.

Jackson, more than any other one man, is responsible for the establishment of the "spoils system" in American politics. Few men have done more than Roosevelt to eradicate it. Jackson was the idol of the ultra-democratic and radical portion of the population; Roosevelt holds a middle course between the radicals who would nationalize the railroads and abolish the tariff on the one hand, and the "stand patters" for the existing order of things, on the other. Jackson was led more by instinct than by insight or popular demand to destroy the United States bank; Roosevelt but embodies the reasoned conclusions of independent students generally and an imperative popular demand, when he insists that the great corporations must at all hazards be regulated in the interest of the people. If the States can not or will not regulate effectively, the Federal authorities must act.

—It is high time that the men were getting busy and organizing the rooting. If ever a team had prospects of doing things and giving the rooters a chance it is our team. Let us break  
**About** way from this silence on the  
**Rooting.** side-lines and do things while our team bats out victory. There is much in good rooting, and its effect can be noticed on the men in the game. Now everybody get together and root. We have a team and a great big reason to back it. Be assured, men, if you back your team it will give you reason to do it. Few of us are wanting in spirit enough to say: "Let the team prove itself first." But if there should be even the thought, we think already the Varsity has proved itself, and so think it is up to the student body to "stick" and be a part of every game.

Get out, attend every game, and root for the Varsity and Championship.

## Notes from the Colleges

Harvard has contributed four presidents to the nation, they being, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Rutherford B. Hayes, and the present incumbent, "Teddy R." Looking at it from a presidential point of view there is more than one brand of the Harvard man.

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\* \*

By the will of the late Edward West Currier, Yale University receives \$100,000. The money is to be devoted to the interests of deserving students.

\*  
\* \*

George Huff, who recently severed his connections with the Illinois University as athletic director, to take the management of the Boston Nationals, was presented with a gold watch by the students before his departure from the University.

\*  
\* \*

Because they stole the ice-cream that was to have been eaten by the Seniors at President Kirby's home, thirty-four rough-housing juniors of Drury College, Springfield, Mo., have been suspended. "Supposin' the cream was at somebody else's home!"

\*  
\* \*

The regents and faculty of Wisconsin are for the abolition of all intercollegiate athletics. Too much expense, they say. Too little push and spirit, we add.

\*  
\* \*

Now when Michigan is about to break with western schools in athletics she is making every effort to arrange her track meets with eastern universities. Such a big one as Michigan happens to be in every department of athletics quite refuses to be sat on.

\*  
\* \*

A young man with the name of A. A. Stagg for a signature (a very suggestive name you'll admit) broke into the spring football squad at Chicago the other day, and now the dopesters are referring to him

as "Eckersall the Second" or "the II." Now with Stagg for a name and Eckersall for a reputation and Chicago for an *Alma Mater*, one might justifiably expect of this man a world of wonders on the gridiron when it is cleared off next fall and the air is ready for whistle blowing.

\* \*

The Indiana Law School are agitating the issuance of a Law School publication.

\* \*

Iowa has added swimming to the athletic instruction course.

\* \*

Ed Parry, the former football star at Chicago, has accepted the position of track coach at the University of South Dakota.

\* \*

There are 16,000 Chinese students in Japan schools. That Chinese "open door" swings either way—in and out.

\* \*

In reference to the Notre Dame-Illinois baseball game, the Illini had this to say on Tuesday: "There is little doubt that the Illini will mark up the majority of scores." The "little doubt," since Tuesday, we take it, has grown into the proportions of a most despotic fact in the minds of the Illini editors.

\* \*

Nebraska has cancelled its baseball dates with Minnesota and Iowa because of conference requirements. It seems as if there were a goodly number of these big schools kicking over the arbitrary traces of the "big nine" fastened to them after the fashion of the Stagg idea. But then a one-man rule never could have a lasting status.

\* \*

The boat crew at Syracuse has a Chinaman for a coxswain. Another proof of the theory of evolution.

\* \*

The Minnesota legislature passed a bill appropriating several hundred thousand dollars to the university the other day. From the amounts and frequency of these university gifts one would almost like to be the treasurer or "money official" of these schools. P. M. M.

## Personals.

—Henry Papin has left for Washington where he has a position awaiting him. Good luck, Henry, and the best of success.

—We have received cards announcing the marriage of Mr. R. Trevino (C. E. '05) and Miss Perez, to occur this month at the city of Mexico. The SCHOLASTIC sends congratulations to the young couple.

—James Allan Dubbs (C. E., '06) left the University last week to take a position with the Barber Asphalt Co., Chicago. From all reports Jim has a good position with excellent chances to rise. That Mr. Dubbs will make the best of these chances none of his many friends at Notre Dame doubt. The SCHOLASTIC joins in wishing him the best of success.

—With his order for a Year Book came a letter from Earle Doyle, an old Notre Dame student. Of the "Year Book" he writes: "I am indeed pleased to know that such a movement has been started at the good old place; for many times since leaving there, while looking through the yearly publications of other schools, I have wondered why Notre Dame couldn't have something like it, and I am sure the move will prove popular."

—The talk of the Brownsville affair brings another Notre Dame man into the limelight. It is Dr. Frederick J. Combe of the class of '86, Mayor of Brownsville. Dr. Combe's actions in the recent trouble down there has been the subject of much favorable comment. As a student here he evinced the same manliness and strength that he has later shown in life and which makes Capt. Horn, U. S. A., characterize him as a "man of culture and refinement, possessing those qualities which go to make up a real man."

—Visitors' registry for the past week:—George F. Neeson, Victor Curtis, M. D., Ann Arbor, Mich.; F. H. Thomwood, South Bend, Ind.; John Hentges, Jr., Scranton, Iowa; Mrs. C. A. Allan, Chicago; Ben. B. Lindsay, Denver, Col.; Jay C. Otis, Alida Otis, Faye Otis, South Bend; Belle Cross, Oshkosh, Wis.; Andrew Murray, New York; Miss K. Mathison, Wheeling, W. Va.; Miss E. Tong, M. N. Black, South Bend; E. A. MacDonald, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Miss D. Sale, Louisville; Mrs. N. Smythson, Portland, Oregon.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 11; HILLSDALE, 3.

The Varsity started right last Saturday by winning the first college game by the score of 11 to 3. Hillsdale was the victim and proved to be pickings. Perce was on the mound for the Varsity and allowed the visitors three hits, and two of them came in the seventh after he had let down. By agreement the game was cut to seven innings.

Curtis was the big sticker, getting a triple, double and single. McKee and Dubuc were good for two singles and a double, and Boyle was there with two, a double and a single. Brogan hit one in the first inning that was good for a home run, or at least three bases in any game; but Hillsdale's gardeners camped out along the fence, and a man would have had to put the ball over the fence to get a home run. McKee is quite the candy man when it comes to batting either right or left handed. For the last two games he has got a hit each way.

The game, as a whole, was a wild affair, and the Varsity made enough errors in the first inning to lose a good game, but it made little difference as the visitors couldn't have won had they been given a dozen runs.

Wise, who was on the mound for Hillsdale, was batted out of the box in the fifth, and Mitchell, a southpaw, who relieved him, proved to be a little better. The Varsity scored in the first, second, fourth and fifth innings. Hillsdale got an early start by scoring in the first occasioned by four errors. In the seventh they scored on a long fly to Bonnan which he dropped after making a hard run for it.

"Jimmy" Cooke made his first appearance this season, playing first in Farabaugh's place, and put up a very creditable game.

Hillsdale	R	H	P	A	E
Waston, r. f.	1	2	1	0	0
Walrath, ss.	1	1	1	3	1
Hogan, 3b.	0	0	2	1	2
Walrath, 2b.	0	0	0	4	0
Stewart, c.	0	1	4	2	0
Oliver, 1b.	0	0	13	1	1
Wise, p.	0	0	0	3	0
Reynolds, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Whelan, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Mitchell, p.	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	3	4	21	17	4

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonnan, l. f.	4	2	1	1	1
McKee, c. f.	1	2	2	0	0
Brogan, 3b.	1	1	1	4	2
Curtis, c.	1	3	5	0	0
Kuepping, ss.	0	0	3	5	1
Dubuc, r. f.	1	3	0	0	0
Perce, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Boyle, 2b.	2	2	3	3	1
Cooke, 1b.	1	0	6	0	2
Totals	11	13	21	13	7

Three base hit—Curtis. Two base hits—Curtis, McKee, Boyle. Struck out—by Perce, 5; by Wise, 2; by Mitchell, 2. Bases on balls—Off Wise, 2; off Mitchell, 2. Double play—Walrath, Oliver, Walston. Umpire—Farabaugh.

\* \*

SOUTH BEND, 2; NOTRE DAME, 0.

South Bend won the final game of the practice series on Monday by the score of 2 to 0. "Dreams" Scanlon was on the mound for the Varsity, and pitched a good game, allowing the leaguers but six hits, three of them going to Manager Grant. The Varsity had a good chance to win the game in the seventh inning, but could not deliver the wallop. Hard hitting and brilliant fielding marked the contest.

THE SCORE: R. H. E.

South Bend:—2 0 0 0 0 0 1=2 6 3

Notre Dame:—0 0 0 0 0 0 0=0 5 11

Batteries—Moore, Ferris, Velenty; Johnson, Scanlon, Cooke.

\* \*

We won one from Illinois at last. Notre Dame has been playing Illinois a 1 to 0, 2 to 3, 2 to 1 game for the past six years and always finishing in the short end; but on Wednesday the Varsity won by the score of 6 to 4. The "official scorer" was not on the trip and a newspaper account is the best we have to offer, and here it is:

NOTRE DAME BEATS ILLINOIS.

BUSHNELL'S WILDNESS IN THE SIXTH GIVES HOOSIERS THE GAME.

[Special to the *Record-Herald*.]

URBANA, Ill., April 24.—Bushnell's wildness in the sixth inning cost Illinois the game with Notre Dame to day, the contest going to the visitors by a score of 6 to 4. Ovitz was invincible for five innings and blanked the Hoosiers in grand style, while Illinois tapped Dubuc for four runs.

Bushnell gave three passes and was hit

three times, Notre Dame securing five runs. Huff followed on the slab, but Notre Dame secured one more, while Dubuc, after Illinois filled the bases in the ninth, rallied and fanned the best batters. Score:

Illinois	R	H	P	A	E
Vandag't, 3b.	2	1	3	1	0
Byers, 2b.	1	2	3	2	1
Snyder, 1b.	0	0	4	1	2
Dicke, ss.	0	1	0	2	0
Disosway, c. f.	0	0	3	0	0
Taylor, r. f.	0	1	0	1	1
Bushnell, l. f.	0	1	2	1	0
Gunning, c.	1	0	10	1	1
Ovitz, p.	0	1	1	2	1
Huff, p.	0	0	1	0	0
Evans, l. f.	0	0	0	1	0

Totals	4	7	27	12	6
Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonnan, l. f.	0	1	2	1	1
McKee, c. f.	1	3	1	0	2
Brogan, 3b.	1	1	2	2	2
Cooke, 1b.	1	0	12	0	0
Curtis, c.	1	2	10	0	0
Kuepping, ss.	1	0	0	3	1
Perce, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Dubuc, p.	1	2	0	3	0
Boyle, 2b.	0	1	0	3	1

Totals 6 10 27 12 7

Notre Dame:—0 0 0 0 0 5 0 0 1=6

Illinois:—1 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 0=4

Stolen Bases—McKee, Curtis (2), Brogan. Two-base hits—Bushnell, Brogan, Dubuc. Sacrifice hits—Byers, Bushnell. Struck out—By Ovitz, 7; by Huff, 2; by Dubuc, 5. Bases on balls—off Ovitz, 5; off Bushnell, 3; off Dubuc, 4. Innings pitched—Ovits, 5; Bushnell, 1; Huff, 3. Hits—Off Ovits, 1; off Bushnell, 3; off Huff, 6. Double plays—Bonnan to Curtis. Time of game—2:15. Umpire—Tindill.

\* \*

The track team goes to Lansing to meet the Michigan "Aggies" in a dual meet next Friday. The men are working hard in preparation for the coming encounter, but the weather has handicapped greatly. During Manager Draper's absence with the baseball team the squad has been in charge of "Long John" Scales. Student and assistant manager McGannon will accompany, as Draper will be in Minneapolis with the baseball team.

\* \*

NOTRE DAME, 7; WISCONSIN, 4.

Captain Waldorf pitched his first game of the season Friday (lucky day) against Wisconsin and trimmed the Badgers very nicely by the score of 7 to 4. He allowed the visitors three hits, two of which were

very lucky, one in the second inning over first base, which "Jimmy" Cooke—less twenty pounds of fat—could have got, and in the eighth Kaulfuss beat out a slow one to Kuepping. Not content, however, with giving them three hits, the Captain struck out eight men. And then to show them that he could do more he gave the visitors four free rides to first and hit one man. Still unsatisfied he thought it fitting for the Captain to start things, so in the sixth inning he began by scoring Notre Dame's first run; the next time up he slammed out a two bagger and scored another run, and in the eighth he got another hit. In a word, the Captain was the whole show and was quite IT.

The Badgers had the game 2 to 0 up to the sixth inning, but then the Varsity got busy and batted in three runs, and Deane helped things along by hitting two men. In the seventh the Varsity scored another, and in the eighth they cinched the game by getting three more. Wisconsin scored in the first and in the fifth—the latter run being the result of some more of Waldorf's work; he made a wild pitch with a man on third, for he was bound to be the whole work. In the eighth Wisconsin tried hard to catch up, and in the ninth made another effort, but it was no use, and the game ended 7 to 4.

#### THE SCORE:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonnan, l. f.	1	3	1	0	0
McKee, c. f.	1	1	2	0	0
Curtis, c.	0	0	7	3	0
Brogan, 3b.	0	0	2	1	0
Kuepping, ss.	1	1	2	1	2
Dubuc, r. f.	1	0	2	0	0
Boyle, 2b.	1	1	4	3	0
Cooke, 1b.	0	0	7	0	1
Waldorf, p.	2	2	0	2	0

Totals 7 8 27 10 3

Wisconsin	R	H	P	A	E
Kaulfuss, 3b.	1	1	0	3	1
Whitter, ss.	0	0	2	4	0
Rogers, c. f.	0	0	4	0	1
Whitmore, 2b.	0	1	2	5	0
Deane, p.	1	0	1	5	0
Muckestone, 1b.	1	0	15	1	0
Messner, c.	0	0	0	1	0
Bade, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Greisner, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0

Total 4 3 24 19 2

Perce played last inning for Dubuc.

Two base hit—Waldorf. Struck out—By Waldorf, 8. Bases on balls—Off Waldorf, 4; off Dean, 5. Wild pitch—Waldorf, Dean. Hit by pitcher—Bonnan, Brogan, Dubuc, Rogers. Umpire—Tindill.

## LAW DEPARTMENT.

## HUNTER V. ROYAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.

By stipulation of the attorneys, with leave of court, a continuance has been granted for two weeks in this case. It will then be ready for trial. The attorneys for the plaintiff are William E. Perce and Clarence W. May. The defendant corporation has retained James V. Cunningham and Max Jauraschek. The case will be tried before Judge Hoynes. Leroy J. Keach will act as clerk of court on the occasion. While not in terms stipulated, it has nevertheless been intimated that it will be tried without a jury, both sides agreeing to the following

*Statement of Facts.*

Herbert Hunter is the plaintiff in this case and, the Royal Accident Insurance Company defendant. The plaintiff is 23 years of age. The defendant corporation has fully complied with the requirements of the law and been authorized to do business in this State. The plaintiff entered the University of Notre Dame in September, 1902. He took a lively interest in the college sports, and soon attained to high rank in athletics. As a jumper on the gridiron he could spring over the opposing line, and as a kicker he could with favoring wind send the ball soaring from midfield across the goal. Greatly pleased with his environments and satisfied with his progress in studies, he determined to remain to the end of his student life a loyal son of Notre Dame.

Wishing to spend his Christmas vacation at home, in Evansville, he left for that city on the 20th of December last. While there his friends advised him to take out an accident insurance policy until June, drawing his attention to the dangers of traveling, and the liability to injury in athletic games. He acted on their advice and took out such policy.

It provides that in case of his death through accidental means his parents shall be entitled to \$3000, but that, on the other hand, in the event of his being incapacitated for work and study by injuries

accidentally received, he shall be entitled personally to \$50 per week while thus incapacitated.

In his application for the policy he agreed with the defendant company that "the benefits provided for in said policy, as accruing in the case of accidental death or injury, shall not extend to or cover voluntary or unnecessary exposure to danger."

After returning to the College, where he arrived promptly on the 4th of January, he joined an indoor baseball fraternity, and the gymnasium was selected as the place for its games. Distances in the placing of bases being arranged with reference to available space, the first base was fixed at 25 feet from the home plate, and 10 feet further was the side wall of the gymnasium.

Games were played almost daily, and Hunter manifested great interest in the sport. On the 21st of January he felt unusually well, as he says, and entered into the game with exceptional spirit. In the sixth inning his third stroke was at a high ball, but he missed it, and then sought to reach the first base before the ball could be thrown there. The catcher was, however, too swift for him and threw the ball to the first baseman, who caught it while Hunter was still several feet away. The umpire called him "out," but he continued nevertheless to run with apparently unabated speed, crossed the base and dashed on until stopped by the wall, against which he ran with great violence. He fell helpless and unconscious where he collided with it, and was carried at once to the Infirmary.

The doctor was called, and it was found on examination that his right arm was broken at the wrist and his left leg at the knee. He received the requisite surgical and medical treatment, and the trained nurses of the Infirmary left nothing undone to bring about his speedy restoration to convalescence and health.

Nevertheless a period of seven weeks elapsed before he was able to return to work and resume his studies. He then made



due proof of the injury and demanded from the defendant company \$350, or \$50 a week for the time he had been confined to his room in the Infirmary.

The company declines to pay that or any other sum and denies liability. It claims that he ran recklessly and wantonly, as though deliberately inviting the injury that befell him. It contends that he had frequently played there and knew well the distances from the home plate to the first base and between the bases. He knew well, it is said, that the side wall was 10 feet beyond the first base, and that with reasonable care he could have deflected his course or recovered himself and stopped in that distance. He saw the ball caught before he reached the first base, knew that he was "out" and that it would be useless to run further, could accurately decide upon the speed or momentum that would be safe, and yet persisted in shutting his eyes to the danger and running recklessly, negligently and unnecessarily against the wall.

The company insists that it had nothing to do with the selection of the gymnasium as a fitting place for playing the game, while the plaintiff clearly saw its advantages and disadvantages and assumed the risks and dangers of his choice. In short, if negligence could be predicated of what had been done, it was indubitably the negligence of the plaintiff, and not that of the defendant corporation. The plaintiff nevertheless brings suit for the amount stated.

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Packard, Cartoonist.

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Mr. Packard, the cartoonist, lecturer and humorist, came Tuesday, and for an hour entertained the student body in Washington Hall. An exceedingly clever man with the charcoal, Mr. Packard won much praise from those present. His appearance last year served to draw a packed house this time, and everyone went away immensely pleased with the hour's recreation. His characteristic types were particularly good, while his stories and happy narration of experiences made him a pleasing entertainer.

### Local Items.

—One man said it was "temporary insanity," another, "a grand-stand play," but all agree it was unpardonable. Thame on ou Bobby Kathper, and ou a thenior too.

—What a laugh Spring and Father Time would have at the famous Joe Corrigan were he here this April. Tradition has it that Joe was wont to take the lake's lapping lap the 1st of every April. We would have him to try it the 1st of May if this sort of weather continues.

—Rooters, get busy. We have a baseball team that you can be proud of. Why not help it along? Organize at once. Let not another college game pass without showing the visiting teams that there is some college spirit at Notre Dame.

—Despite the fact that Corby lost Schmidt, Roan and others, still the debating team is coming around nicely. Metcalf, Dougherty and McNally are sprucing up a bit, and promise other hall teams an interesting time. Under the directorship of Mr. W. O'Brien the team looks good to Corby.

—Thursday, April 18, Corby defeated the Mishawaka High School, 6-4. The High School boys scored their runs early in the game, but after the fifth inning only one man saw first base and that was on a base on balls. Herman Werder was the star, striking out eight men. Manager McNally is negotiating for a game with Benton Harbor in the near future. Captain Centliver will put a team in the field which will make the other ball teams go some to beat, and Corby is confident of winning the Inter-Hall championship.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its regular meeting Thursday evening, April 18. Mr. Arthur Schmidt was taken into the club. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Bonnan, Barsaloux, and Berry, was appointed to notify Messrs. S. Graham, D. Dougherty and R. Coffey that their resignation from the Society had not been accepted. Critic Farabaugh gave a very strong and instructive talk; he also appointed a committee to investigate and punish all violations of the rules governing the society if on the program. Mr. Fournier spoke very intelligently concerning Graft; J. Daly recited "Hymn to the Night;" H. Boyle, "The Ship of State;" P. Beeson, "Crossing the Bar;" G. Washburn, "The South Wind and the Sun;" A. Garvey, "Letter of Ole Olson;" A. Howard, "Warren's Address at Bunker Hill." J. Roth, P. Barsaloux, A. Schmidt and J. Coggeshall, also made short speeches, after which the meeting adjourned.